

## Hold Me Closer (i'll keep you warm)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31255121) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31255121>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Badboyhalo - Character</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Tooth-Rotting Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Sleepy Cuddles</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">sleepy george content</a> , <a href="#">Feral boys</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like men</a> , <a href="#">they have terrible sleep schedules</a> , <a href="#">Sharing a Bed</a> , <a href="#">Sharing Body Heat</a> , <a href="#">george is a very annoying sleeper</a> , <a href="#">dream still loves him though</a> , <a href="#">fluff so mushy it reminds me of an old blueberry</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of <a href="#">Gift fics!</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-12 Words: 3457

## Hold Me Closer (i'll keep you warm)

by [eveluvspatches](#)

### Summary

Dream and George both are practically nocturnal, falling asleep at early mornings and waking again at late afternoons.

They were supposed to be on a Jackbox stream but George kept refusing to wake up. Dream took it into his own hands.

### Notes

so basically this is just pure fluff and george is very sleepy throughout the whole thing.

I kinda like how it turned out so I really hope you enjoy :)

this fic is gifted to bunni as a late birthday gift, I love you!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There is something special about late nights.

Dream loves to stay up until it's almost impossible for his eyes to stay open. The night makes him feel tingly. A euphoric feeling when the clock ticks to midnight.

When the day turns to dusk, everything is just so much more enjoyable. Jokes that he would have found unfunny or dull become the things that make him laugh until tears start to form in his eyes.

It's sort of like a high in a way to Dream. Being awake so late wasn't an unusual thing for him.

So there he lies, wide awake, laying on his back and observing the texture of the ceiling, imagining himself in random scenarios, zoning away from reality.

That is until a figure laying beside him, shifts, wobbling the bed a bit and taking Dream out of his trance.

Dream casts his gaze towards the man beside him who was now facing Dream. The man's eyes are barely open. His brunette hair is messy, a few strands covering the front of his face. Dream observes the man's eyelashes and admires how long they are, how pretty his umber eyes are as the moonlight seeps through the half closed blinds covering the window. The moonlight illuminates his pale skin with an indescribable glow. Dream is enchanted by the sleepy man that is currently curled up next to him.

The man shifts again and his eyes open all the way.

Dream freezes. He holds his breath as if not to let the man beside him that he was wide awake at such a late time in the night, now actually very early in the morning.

He turns the opposite direction of Dream and forcefully yanks the blanket to cover up his whole body.

Dream stares at him with a confused expression. Is he having a nightmare? Is he for some reason angry at Dream? Was pulling up the blanket so aggressively an accident?

Dream sighs, still confused, then looks back to the ceiling and lets his mind wander all of the

possibilities. He brings his hands from under the blankets close to his face and observes his chipped fingernails.

Soft breaths can be heard amongst the quiet. Dream figures that George must have fallen back to sleep. The sounds are peaceful and barely audible. Sometimes the brunette will snore a little and Dream will stifle a giggle. It's cute.

Dream turns to his side and stares at the back of George's head. The man's hair is growing to be a little long and perhaps a little untamed. Dream thinks it's adorable.

Dream thinks about all of the times George would be editing a video and Dream would come into his office and pull up a chair next to the man, just to be in his presence. He would lay on his arms while his head was face towards George. He would watch the way George's face would tense when he messed something up or the way he would smile a bit when he got something down. Dream softens any time a smile forms on the man's face.

He didn't know how he was so lucky to end up with such a perfect human. George was comparable to an angel, Dream was captivated with him.

Dream feels his eyes grow heavier and watches as the dim room turns into darkness. The last thing he remembers is hearing George's faint breathing before he falls unconscious.

The next thing Dream knows his eyes snap open. He sees the blanket that he was engulfed in be completely stolen and shivers as cold overtakes him. He sits up and looks beside him. He attempts to rub the sleep out of his eyes, still drowsy and very confused.

George has stolen all of the blanket, leaving Dream completely bare. He wraps his arms around his legs.

George shifts again and lets out a huff.

"George?" Dream speaks quietly, his tone warm.

The man slowly turns to face Dream who is holding himself. The room is very cold considering it was late december.

George mumbles something that Dream doesn't quite hear, then closes his eyes again, still facing Dream.

If Dream wasn't so cold he would have left George to continue looking delicate and adorable.

"George," he whispers, moving his hand to lightly tap the top of the blanket that George was quietly laying underneath.

The man doesn't move an inch. Dream almost laughs but he stops himself.

He taps with a little more pressure but is still gentle.

"What do you want?" George asks, his words slurring as they slip from his mouth. His eyes are still closed as he mumbles.

Dream grips on to the blanket and pulls it a little, George counters Dream's action by pulling it back right away. Dream flinches a little bit.

"George, you're hogging the blanket," Dream says, with somewhat feigned annoyance.

George pulls the blanket closer to himself.

"Don't care," George drawls. "Cold."

Dream can't help himself as he smiles a bit. Dream lays back down and moves closer to George, slowly, trying to be subtle.

"Please," Dream whispers very closely to George's ear.

George moves a little bit and after a while finally lifts the blanket enough for Dream to move

under.

George is very close to him. Dream likes the proximity. He tries to get comfortable, he tries to get warm again.

There is very loud silence for a while. Dream can't even hear George's breathing very well anymore.

"I'm still cold," George speaks, somewhat groggy.

Dream thinks of a way to respond. After a while of thought, he thinks of something.

"Come closer," Dream hums softly.

He watches as George smiles. The man then inches closer to Dream, the bed creaking a little with each movement.

Dream opens his arms with a dopey smile on his face. He is more pleased than he would like to admit. George swiftly moves into Dream's arm and lays his head on Dream's chest. He practically nuzzles into the man's torso. Dream's heart skips a beat as the warmth of George was more noticeable. Once George stopped moving, Dream closed his arms, wrapping George with a sense of security and warmth. Dream couldn't stop smiling as he looked at the sleepy man in his arms.

"Warm," George says, softly.

Dream's smile grows, he pulls George closer. He lets his hand travel to George's back. He starts tracing soft circles. Humming some random tune that pops into his head.

George is serene as he slowly closes his eyes again. Dream admires the freckles that are so light on the other man's face, they are barely visible yet Dream is captivated by every little spec.

Quietness fogs the room, George is asleep again. Dream is still rubbing comforting circles on George's back, he figures he can stop but it's sort of comforting to himself, as well as it probably is

to the sleeping man. George twitches here and there, or says something in his sleep so quietly that it's incoherent.

Dream feels his eyes grow heavy again. His fingers falter a bit from tracing George's back, his hand falls on the mattress and he lets the bliss feeling of sleep overtake him.

The moon falls and the sun rises. The light seeps through the half open blinds just as the moon had done at night.

Dream feels something squirm next to him and his eyes flutter open.

The first thing Dream sees when his eyes are fully open makes him think he's still asleep, dreaming of perfection.

The sun is shining barely through the window and George is in the perfect position where it highlights his face, making him look more ethereal than usual. His hair looks lighter with the sun beaming on to his soft features. The sun must really be in George's favor.

"Wow," Dream speaks, breathlessly. His breath is honestly taken away from such beauty.

He must have been louder than he thought because the next thing he knows, the man sleeping peacefully in front of him opens his eyes. He scrunches his face and covers his eyes with his slender fingers, the sun making them more perfect looking.

He puts his head down and snuggles into Dream even more.

Dream takes his hand and gently brushes in through George's -now very messy- hair. He lets his finger twirl one of George's short hairs. His hair is very fluffy. Dream smiles to himself.

The moment doesn't last for long. Dream then remembers something abruptly. He moves from his position to out of the bed, gingerly, careful not to wake the man beside him. Yet.

Dream goes searching for his phone, letting his feet take him to his living room. After a while of

searching, Dream finally spots his phone that is set on his couch face up. He walks over to it and picks it up.

1 PM.

“Shit,” Dream curses under his breath. They were supposed to be on Quackity’s jackbox stream and they were supposed to join vc 30 minutes earlier. Dream runs his hand through his hair anxiously. He walks swiftly back to his room.

George is still sleeping peacefully, he has moved his face out from the sun. Dream feels bad that he has to wake George up but he knows that they have commitments to fulfill. Dream walks over to the sleeping man and shakes him lightly.

George opens his eyes a crack and he frowns in discomfort.

“George, wake up,” Dream says as he brushes a strand of hair out from the front of George's face.

George pulls the blanket over his face, groaning in disapproval.

“George, we promised we would join Quackity’s stream. We’re late,” Dream reminds him, his tone still soft.

“‘M tired,” George slurs, not removing the blanket from over himself.

Dream laughs a little. He is still tired himself but he is already up and he knows he has commitments to attend to.

“C’mon sleepy head. It’s 1PM. Time to be productive.” Dream pulls the blanket fully off the bed and laughs when George protests, grabbing on to it to stop Dream. He fails and the blanket is thrown to the floor.

George glares at Dream for a while but Dream just smiles at him, fondly, enjoying his annoyed boyfriend's eyes looking directly into his own.

“George.”

George breaks the staring contest that the two were practically having and shoves his face into his pillow.

Dream walks closer to the bed and lays his hand on George’s back.

“You can sit with me, you don’t have to use your own computer. It is a jackbox game, afterall,” Dream suggests, trying his best to convince George. He knows Quackity would be disappointed because his lobby for the game is already short a few people.

George is still for a little until he turns over to his side. He looks at Dream, tiredly.

“Carry me,” George requests, quietly. So quietly that Dream thinks he’s misheard.

“What?” Dream asks.

George sits up. His eyes barely open as he speaks his next words.

“Carry me.”

He did hear it correctly.

“Okay,” Dream agrees. He carefully lifts George from the bed and the man immediately wraps his arms around Dream’s neck to support himself. Dream thinks he might die right then and there, his heart flutters as George’s fingers softly brush against Dream’s skin. George is practically sitting on Dream’s left arm.

Dream walks to the door and uses his right hand -his unoccupied hand- to open it. He saunters to his office, George still tightly wrapped to his side. He can feel George’s warm breathing on his neck.



He finally arrives at the office. He sets George down, although the man does not enjoy it.

“Grab my chair from the back,” Dream tells George, gesturing to the chair.

Dream watches as the man stumbles a bit to grab the Dream’s old gaming chair. There was nothing wrong with his old gaming chair, he just thought the one he found online -his chair now- was more comfortable looking.

George sits down in it immediately.

Dream pulls out his seat, moving his hand to the power button on his monitor, clicking it. The screen flashes white as it turns on. A darker screen pops up and an enter password box also appears.

Dream types his code in, then quickly opens discord. George sits beside him, barely moving, his eyes only open a little.

Dream takes his mouse and clicks the server he and friends made for streaming and recording. He sees Quackity is in the streaming voice chat with a few others, such as Karl, Badboyhalo, and Sapnap. Guilt hits him as he gazes at Quackity’s discord icon. Next to Quackity’s name in the voice chat is the “LIVE” symbol. Dream puts on his headphones.

Dream grits his teeth, preparing to be yelled at as he clicked the connect call button.

“-quiplash!” someone yells.

“Who just joined?” Karl asks.

The call is silent for a while and muffled clicks can be heard in the background of the call.

“Dream?!” Quackity yells. Dream flinches a bit at the sudden loud noise. He even sees George

move a bit in his peripheral vision.

“Hey,” Dream speaks, remorsefully.

“Look who decided to show up,” Karl teases, playfully.

Bad laughs and says a greeting along with Sapnap.

“I’m sorry, George was refusing to wake up,” Dream tells them, truthfully.

Dream moves his eyes, and turns in his chair to face George. The man is still barely awake. His hand is supporting his chin as he leans into it. His face looks so soft and Dream can’t be mad at someone so delicate looking.

“Well where is he? I don’t see him in vc,” Sapnap scoffs.

Dream takes his hand and pulls the roly chair next to him, closer, putting George right at his side, the man making no attempt to stop Dream.

“Say hi, George,” Dream laughs, lightly.

George pulls his knees to his chest.

“Hi,” the man croaks out, his voice raspy. Dream smiles

“Why does he sound like that?” Quackity says in joking disgust.

Dream looks over at the man next to him again and admires how pretty he is, even with very untamed hair.

“He’s barely awake,” Dream informs them as if it wasn’t already obvious by the crack in George’s voice.

“Splash him with water,” Karl jokes.

Dream chuckles a little.

“Don’t be mean, Karl,” Bad says but laughs anyway.

“I was thinking about it.” Dream moves to a more comfortable position in his chair.

Dream clicks on the watch stream button on discord.

“Oh I forgot to ask if you were streaming already,” Dream adds.

Quackity laughs.

“I mean it is the streaming channel, Dream.”

Makes sense.

“Alright, let’s play then,” Dream declares.

Dream offers George his own phone, Dream figures he would just use his computer to play.

George takes it, hesitantly, yawning as he reaches to grab the device from Dream’s hand. George takes his hand and brushes his hair from out of his face.

The group starts with a game of quip lash, George puts almost zero effort into putting thought out and funny answers. It’s amusing to Dream how much George doesn’t care about the game. After

George submits his answers he sets his phone down and closes his eyes for a short amount of time until the next round.

They finish their first game of the night, Dream winning substantially. His answers were immaculate, he was given the best prompts.

“Alright what’s next everyone?” Quackity asks the group, stopping the stream for a while.

Dream thinks of all of the options and what would be fun to play. He didn’t know if he wanted a really high energy game that would probably involve a lot of yelling and chaos or a really chill game where he could sit back and enjoy himself.

“What about Patently Stupid?” Bad suggests.

Sounds fun to Dream.

A few others agree before Dream turns to George again. He seems a little more awake now but George’s features are still soft.

“Do you wanna play Patently Stupid, George?” Dream asks, his volume low automatically, after seeing that the man still looked awfully tired.

“I don’t mind.”

Dream smiles and then faces his monitor again.

“Guess that settles it,” Dream confirms.

Quackity starts to share his screen as he clicks the game to start it up. The screen flashes blue and Dream clicks his other tab and enters the code for jackbox. Dream is sure that if George wasn’t half asleep that he would have leaked the code a few times already.

They start the game, having around 2 minutes to create their invention to solve whatever problem the game gave them.

Dream takes his time to come up with something fairly amusing, laughing a bit as he drew what he wanted. He next creates a title and then a description.

The time hits zero and Dream clicks back onto Quackity's stream to watch the presentations.

A few of the group members present, Dream laughing at all of them. They were very stupid but that's what made it so funny.

"Alright, next person presenting is-," Quackity starts.

The screen flashes a name.

"George!" Bad exclaims.

Dream smiles and turns immediately to the man next to him.

Oh.

He is dead asleep. His phone had fallen onto his lap and he was out cold.

"About that-" Dream slowly turned back to his monitor.

Quackity hummed in confusion.

"What?"

Dream was ready to hear lots of complaining.

“He may or may not be sleeping.” Dream braces himself.

“You’re kidding,” Quackity says, very dramatically.

Karl scoffs.

“I am not,” Dream answers bluntly.

Quackity sighs loudly.

“Wake him up, then,” Sapnap chides.

Dream looks over at George again and then back at his monitor.

“I don’t want to get slapped. He already hates me for waking him up earlier,” Dream groans.

Quackity sighs again even more dramatically.

“He looks peaceful anyway,” Dream adds.

“Can you at least present for him so we can move on?” Sapnap asks.

Dream picks up the phone from George’s lap and clicks the present button.

The screen moves to a different scene and George’s half finished drawing pops up on screen. Dream melts a little. He doesn’t know what the photo was going to be but it’s endearing but also confusing to him how someone can fall asleep in an active jackbox game.

“10 out of 10,” Karl jokes.

The whole group breaks out into laughter but Dream is quieter than the rest of them.

The game goes on and a few more people present. Laughs are shared and at the end of the game Dream comes out on top yet again. He cheers quietly.

“That was a lot of fun guys! I think I should head out now though.” Dream stretches a bit.

“Gotta take your unconscious boyfriend back to bed,” Karl laughs.

Dream scoots back in his chair a little.

“Yep. I guess he just really is tired,” Dream replies.

He slides his mouse to end the call.

“I promise next time we won’t be so flakey,” Dream assures, sympathetically.

Everyone wishes him goodbye and he leaves the call.

Dream is exhausted and his day has barely started. He could use a nap.

He stands up from his chair and stretches his legs. He looks down at the man who is sound asleep. He doesn’t know how he is going to get George back in bed.

Dream lets out a conflicted breath. He thinks about his possible options before deciding on offering to bring him back to bed himself.

“George,” Dream whispers, lightly tapping his arm.

George's eyes flutter open slowly.

"Hm," George mumbles.

"You don't want to sleep in a chair, it will hurt when you wake up." Dream towers over the man who is now somewhat awake.

"I'm comfortable here," George tries to convince Dream.

Dream holds out his hand for George to take.

"Let's go back to bed," Dream says, soothingly.

George reaches out to accept Dream's hand after a while of just staring at it, blankly.

George stands up and Dream pulls him through the house, and when they reach their shared bedroom George plops down into the bed right away.

Dream rolls his eyes, smiling nonetheless.

"Goodnight, George," Dream says although he knows George is already asleep.

Dream follows George back under the cover and lets the warmth of the blanket cover him.

He feels tiredness wave over him. He sinks into the mattress and the brunette beside him curls into his arms once again. Dream can't help the smile that crawls onto his face.

It's late afternoon and they were heading to sleep.



Dream and George have very terribly screwed up sleep schedules.

## End Notes

you finished :D

if you enjoyed leaving a kudos or a quick comment telling me your thoughts would really mean a lot to me!

my ratio of hits to subscribers is very large. so if you're not subscribed and you enjoy what I write, I would very much appreciated it if you hit the subscribe button.

i'll be posting a new fic sometime very soon after this is posted.

follow my [twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!